

Recommended for all Mature Readers

Pickle

Handcrafted in Hicksville, New Zealand



NUMBER ONE \$2.95 CAN \$2.50 USA £1.50 UK

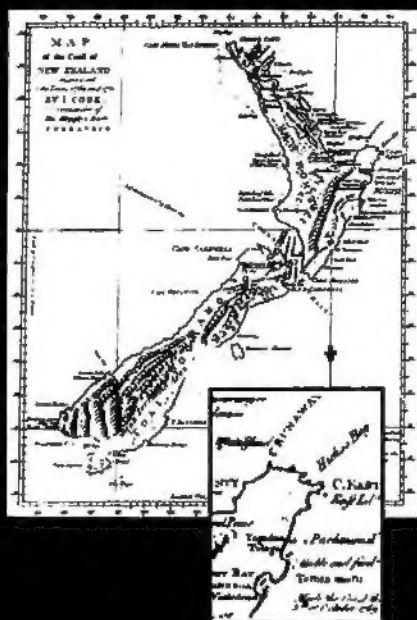


by Dylan Horrocks

Letter from Hicksville:

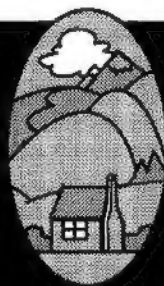
Outside the kitchen it is a beautiful summer morning, and the sounds of the cicadas chirping and the tuis singing fill the warm air. The pohutukawa trees are covered in red flowers and the spring lambs have grown bigger but no less playful. Here at the Hicksville Bookshop and lending library, I am sitting here with a cup of tea and a slice of pavlova, full of excitement at this first issue of **Pickle**. You know, I always knew Dylan had it in him -- ever since he was just a tiny wee smidgen drawing pictures of Farmer Dobb's prize cow. Here in Hicksville we have grown rather used to having cartoonists around; what with Dylan and his friends Sam Zabel, Kupe, and of course the world-famous Dick Burger, whose **Captain Courageous** stories have apparently done very well indeed. Most of them have moved away by now -- Sam lives in Auckland city, and Dick is in America; only Kupe still lives in his lovely bach overlooking Hicks' Bay. As for Dylan, he has been in London for a few years, but he has always kept in touch, and sometimes Henry (the postie) would arrive with a little package of comic strips that Dylan had drawn for me to print up on our old press. When this happens, Henry always stops for a cuppa and a little cake and we open up the parcel and read Dylan's stories before Henry carries on with his rounds. So the locals always know when new stories have arrived, because their mail is delivered an hour later than usual! Anyway, when the latest package came, it contained not only the stories you see here, but also a letter explaining how those nice fellows at Tragedy Strikes Press in Canada wanted Dylan to do a new comic book, and asking me to be the editor -- well!, as you can imagine, it took quite a few cups of tea and slices of cake before we had calmed down enough for Henry to deliver any more letters, and so pretty soon everybody in Hicksville knew that something grand was afoot! Before we knew it, the news had got around and everyone had agreed that a celebration was in order. So we had quite a party down at the Hicks' Bay RSA Hall, with Mr. Diddle's special punch and a bonfire on the beach and dancing until late. And now it's the following morning and I simply can't think what else to write. I hope you enjoy **Pickle** as much as all of us in Hicksville do!

Dolan Hicks (mrs.)
(editor, Hicksville Press)



DEDICATION

To four heroes of the form:
Brad! Brooks, Paul Gravett,
Roger Landridge, and Richard Bird.



Many of Dylan's first works were printed by Hicksville Press, run from the back of the Hicksville Bookshop and Lending Library by Dolan Hicks (mrs.). The press uses this logo (left), designed by Dylan several years ago.

◀ Hick's Bay (& thus Hicksville) owes its name to First Lieutenant Hicks, who sailed with Captain James Cook on the Endeavour in the first voyage to New Zealand in 1769-1770.

▼ Farmer Dobb's Prize cow. By Dylan in 1970 (age 3 1/2)



PICKLE number 1, December 1992.
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Shane Kenny, publisher; Michel Vrána, managing editor; Nick Craine, art director; Dolan Hicks (mrs.), editor.

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"Incomplete Works" appeared previously in **The Dead Muse** (Fantagraphics) and **Le Roquet** no. 1. Thanks to Eddie Campbell and Les Cartoonistes Dangereux for allowing it to be reprinted. "Unwritten Stories" appeared in **Fox Comics** no. 17. Thanks to Philip Bentley and Dave Vodicka

PRINTED IN CANADA

Moxie, Toxie & Foxie the Wonder Dog.



Incomplete Works.

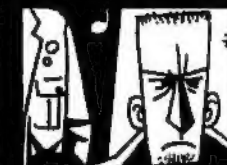
Beata.



Augustus E.



Being and Nothingness.



Café Underground.

Unwritten Stories.



REAL DEATH THEATRE PRESENTS: MOXIE, TOXIE, & FOXIE THE WONDER DOG!

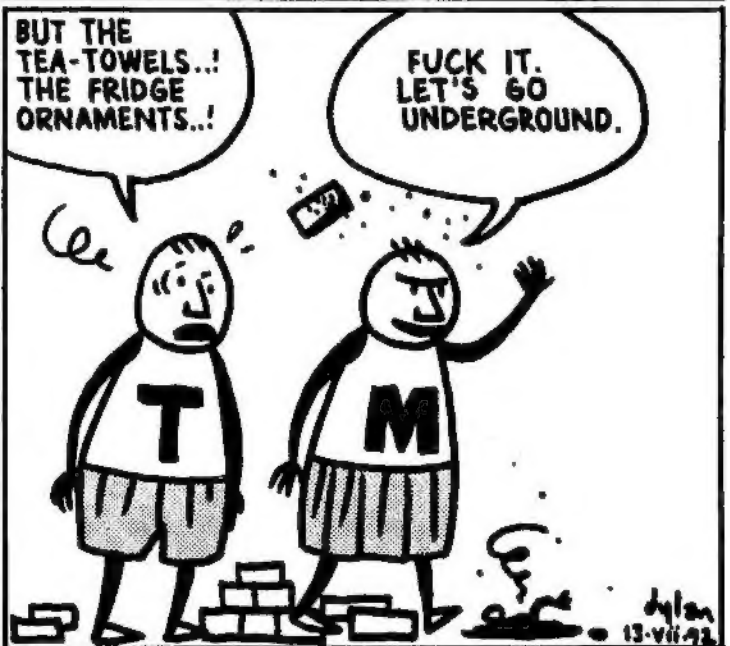
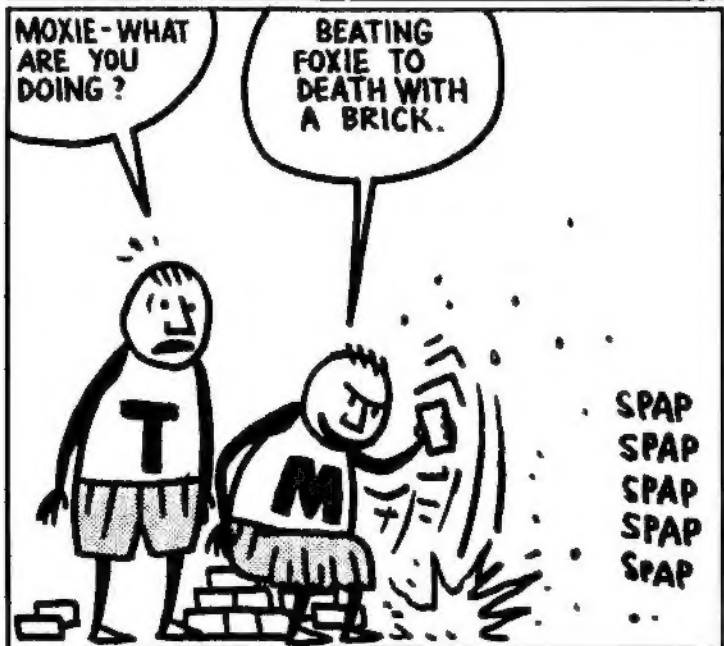
HI KIDS! WE'RE MOXIE, TOXIE AND FOXIE THE WONDER-DOG - THE CARTOON OF THE FUTURE! WE'RE A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT GAG-DRIVEN CONCEPT THAT'LL EASE YOUR CARES AND BRING A SMILE TO YOUR FACE!



IN THE YEARS TO COME, WE'LL BECOME AS FAMILIAR AS GARFIELD, JON & ODIE; LUCY, SNOOPY & CHARLIE BROWN; KRAZY, IGNATZ & OFFICER PUP! YOU'LL SEE US IN THE FUNNY PAGES, ON T-SHIRTS, PILLOW-SLIPS, BOOKS & CARTOONS; FRIDGE-MAGNETS AND DANGLY CAR-WINDSCREEN ORNAMENTS.



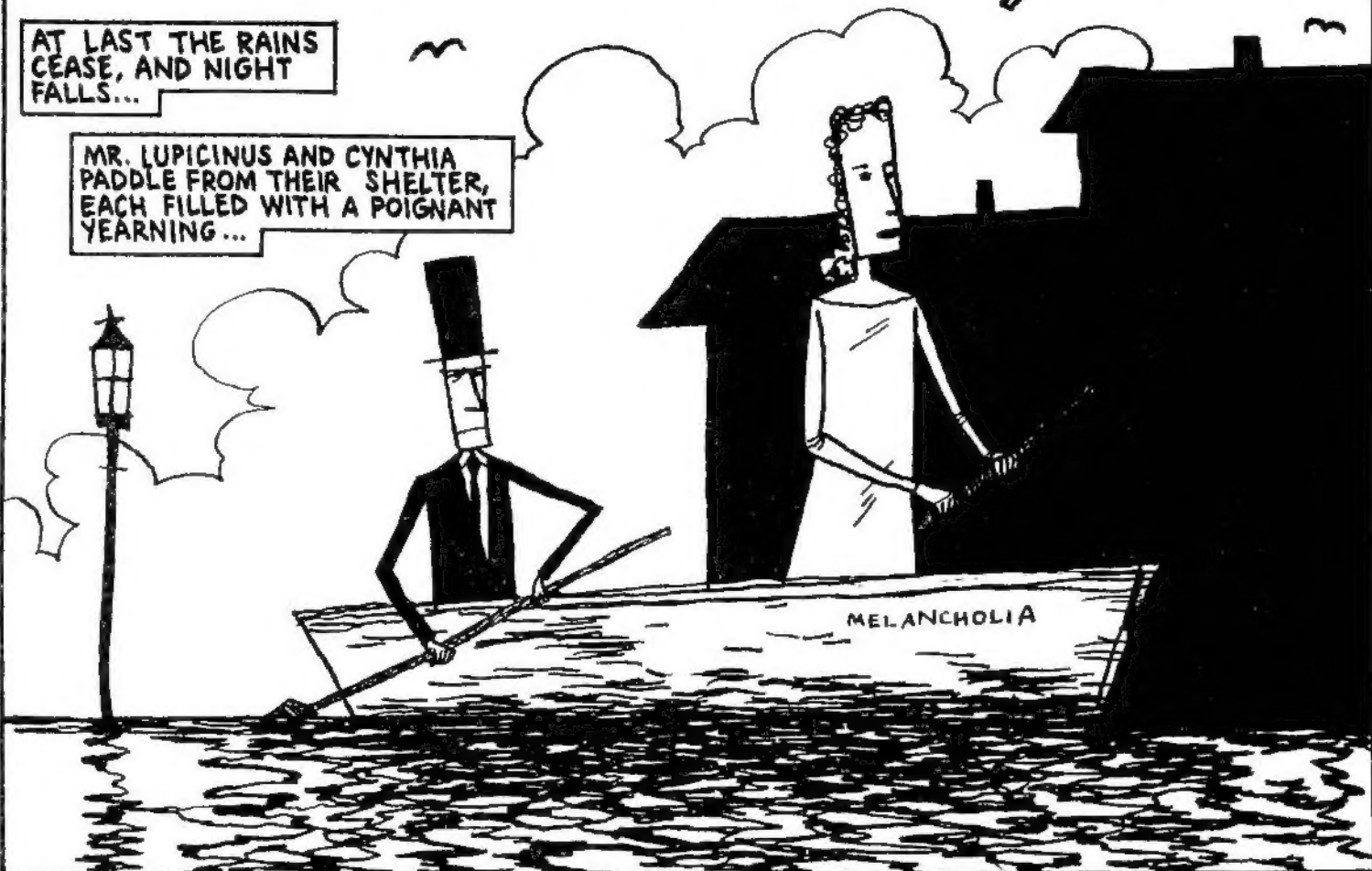
OUR LOVEABLE BRAND OF CUTESY HUMOUR WILL DRAW A LAFF FROM INFANT TO GRANDMA -WE'LL WARM YOUR HEART AND TICKLE YOUR FANCY...



INCOMPLETE WORKS. by KUPE.

AT LAST THE RAINS
CEASE, AND NIGHT
FALLS...

MR. LUPICINUS AND CYNTHIA
PADDLE FROM THEIR SHELTER,
EACH FILLED WITH A POIGNANT
YEARNING...



SAM IS BECOMING AWARE THAT CARTOON-
ING IS NOT A VIABLE CAREER OPTION...

SIGH.



DAYS GO BY, AND SAM CONSIDERS AL-
TERNATIVE CAREERS...

... BAKER, BUS-
DRIVER, BIOGRAPHER...

THE VOCATIONAL
GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR
ISN'T MUCH HELP...

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED
DONATING YOUR BODY
TO SCIENCE...?

ARE THE HOURS
FLEXIBLE?



MYSTERIO AND DEATH-DEALER RAISE THEIR SIZZLING HANDS...

YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE OUR VEN-GEANCE THIS TIME, MR. TOMORROW!!

OUR ALL-DESTROYING MEGA-POWERFUL FUSION-RAYS (POWERED BY OUR AWESOME NUCLEAR-POWERED BRACELETS) WILL TRANSFORM YOU TO A STEAMING POOL OF RICE-PUDDING, DO-GOODER!!!

THINK AGAIN, PENIS-BREATH.

A black and white comic panel showing two villains, Mysterio and Death-Dealer, with their signature masks. They are holding up a man, Sam, who is looking distressed. Mysterio is on the left, Death-Dealer on the right. They are both shouting threats. Sam is in the foreground, looking back at them. The background is filled with smoke and sound effects.

SAM VISITS ANOTHER CARTOONIST FRIEND FOR ADVICE... THIS WORK IS ALTOGETHER TOO DRY! THE LINES NEED DAMPNESS, VITALITY - LET ME TRY A NEW BRUSH!

HOW'S 'THE CHEESE OF DISCONTENT' COMING ALONG, TISCO..?

THE TITLE IS NOW 'MAUVE WINTER-THE LOVE PORCUPINE', SAM, AND IT COMES SLOWLY, BORN OF PAIN AND MOISTURE!

A black and white comic panel showing Sam standing in a doorway, looking at a cartoonist who is sitting at a desk. The cartoonist is holding a brush and looking at Sam. Sam is looking at the cartoonist with a concerned expression. The cartoonist is talking about his work and the title of his comic.

ADVICE IS NOT FORTHCOMING. PERHAPS SAM SHOULD TRY TO BREAK INTO SOME DIFFERENT MARKETS...

DAMPEN DAMN YOU, DAMPEN!

... SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE METAPHYSICAL..?

INK DRIES, PENCILS SMUDGE, PAPER CURLS AND YELLOWS...

A black and white comic panel showing Sam standing in a doorway, looking at a cartoonist who is sitting at a desk. The cartoonist is holding a brush and looking at Sam. Sam is looking at the cartoonist with a concerned expression. The cartoonist is talking about his work and the title of his comic.

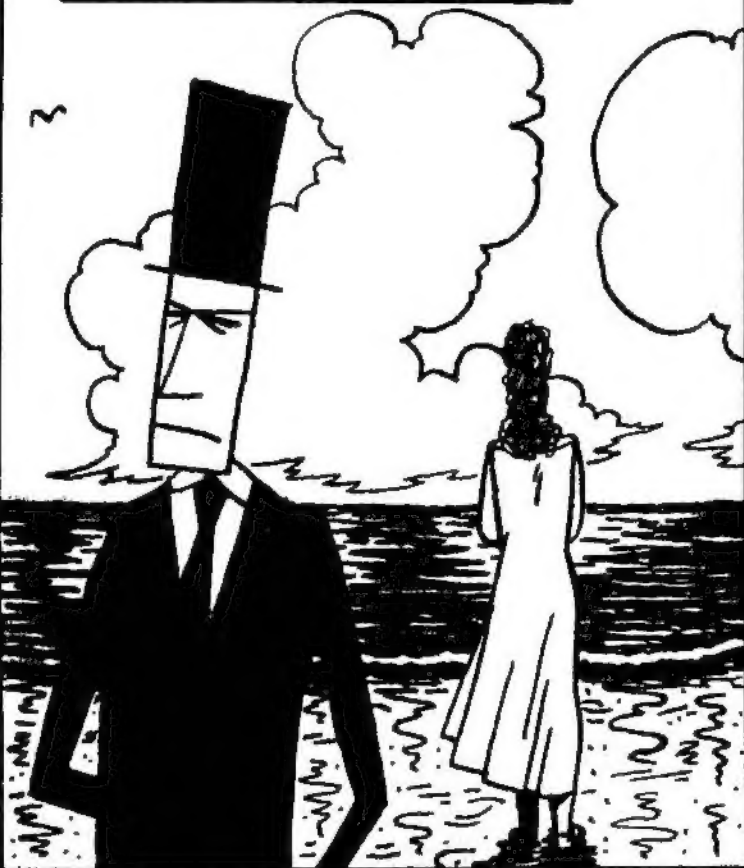
YOU SEE, MOXIE, THERE IS NO OBJECTIVE MEANING TO ANYTHING, AND EVEN OUR SUBJECTIVE EXPERIENCE IS MERELY THE SHADOW CAST BY PURELY CONTINGENT PHYSICAL PROCESSES.

YOUR FLY IS UNDONE, TOXIE. I CAN SEE YOUR WILLY.

A black and white comic panel showing two cartoonists standing and talking. One is wearing a shirt with a 'T' and the other a shirt with an 'M'. They are both looking at each other and talking. The cartoonist with the 'T' shirt is pointing at the cartoonist with the 'M' shirt.

AND THEN THE GULL'S CRY FADES, AND WITH IT THE EVENING'S STILLNESS...

MR. LUPICINUS SCRATCHES THOUGHTFULLY AND CYNTHIA BEGINS TO WALK...



BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN, SAM RETURNS TO CYNTHIA AND MR. LUPICINUS, A STORY NOW 127 PAGES LONG, WITH NO END IN SIGHT...

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

UH... WELL... (AHEM) HOW'S THAT CARTOON HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION GOING?



OTHER STRIPS ARE BEGUN, TO SATISFY THE SUGGESTIONS OF FRIENDS...

MIKHAIL SANG WHILE FEODOR RAISED THE FLAG...



"I'M A POOR LONESOME COW-BOY A LONG WAY FROM HOME..."

CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING MORE APPROPRIATE F'CHRIST'S SAKE?

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF LONELY CONTEMPLATION LATER, CECILIA ARRIVES AT A REALIZATION...



FUCK IT! I'M OUT OF TAMPONS!

I HAD NOT SEEN THE DEVIL FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, AND HAD MISSED HIS STIMULATING CONVERSATION AND WRY HUMOUR...

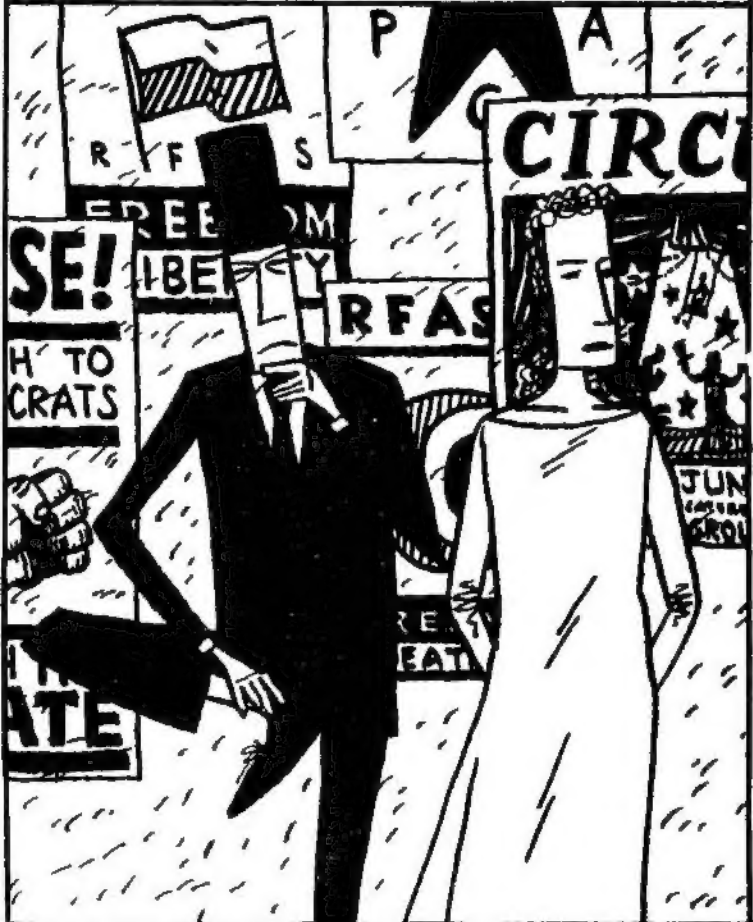
HELLO ROGER. BEEN TRAVELLING MUCH?

AS MUCH AS EVER, MY OLD FRIEND. HOW DOES IT?

OH... THE USUAL WEBS OF TREACHERY AND DECEPTION...



AS THE SPRING MISTS CLEAR, THEY LEAN AGAINST A WALL AND LISTEN TO A NEARBY CELLO MOAN. CYNTHIA THINKS OF MOUNTAINS, WHILE MR. LUPICINUS DISCOVERS A NEW RASH...



YET EVERY STORY IS ABANDONED AFTER A FEW PAGES.... SAM KNOWS WITH CHILLING CERTAINTY THAT NOTHING ELSE CAN BE FINISHED BEFORE CYNTHIA AND MR. LUPICINUS' TALE...

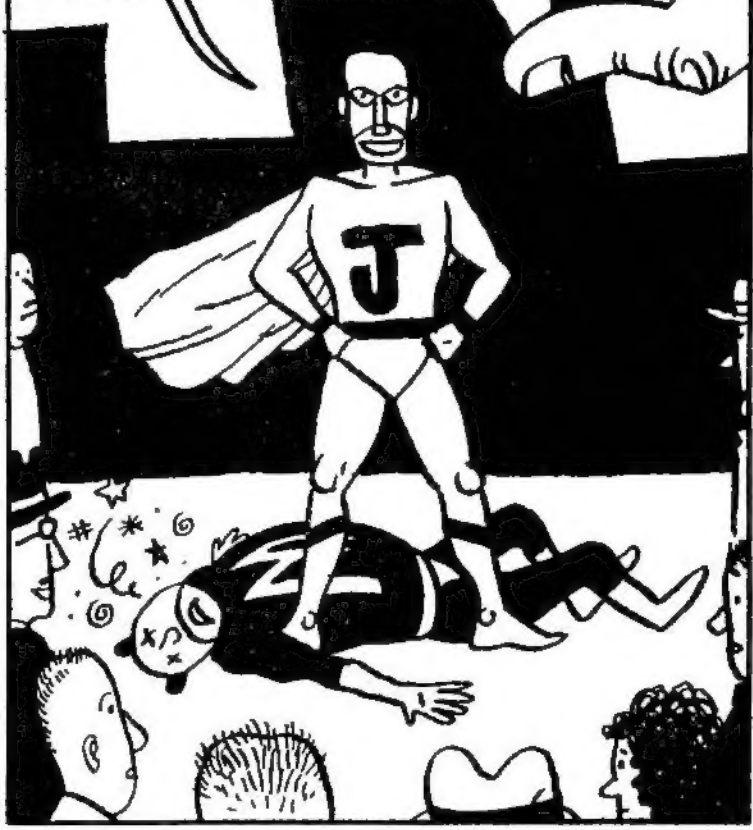
HOW LONG IS IT NOW?

230 PAGES.

WHAT ABOUT FINISHING CAPTAIN JUSTICE?

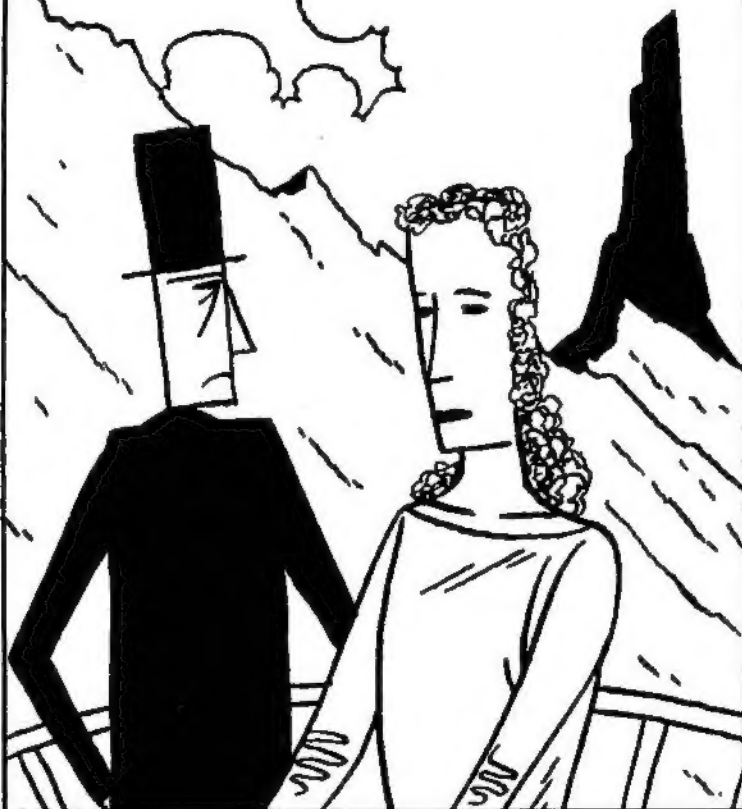


HA! NO EVIL FORCE CAN WITHSTAND THE MIGHT OF CAPTAIN JUSTICE!!



A SENSE OF HAVING REACHED SOME FINAL DESTINATION PERMEATES THE AIR: A FEELING OF ARRIVAL AND OF CONCLUSION...

BUT NEITHER CYNTHIA NOR MR. LUPICINUS HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THEY ARE...



AND SO AT LAST IT ENDS, AT PAGE 312. SAM SURVIVES, BUT LIFE ON THE DOLE BECOMES A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SEQUENCE OF COFFEES...

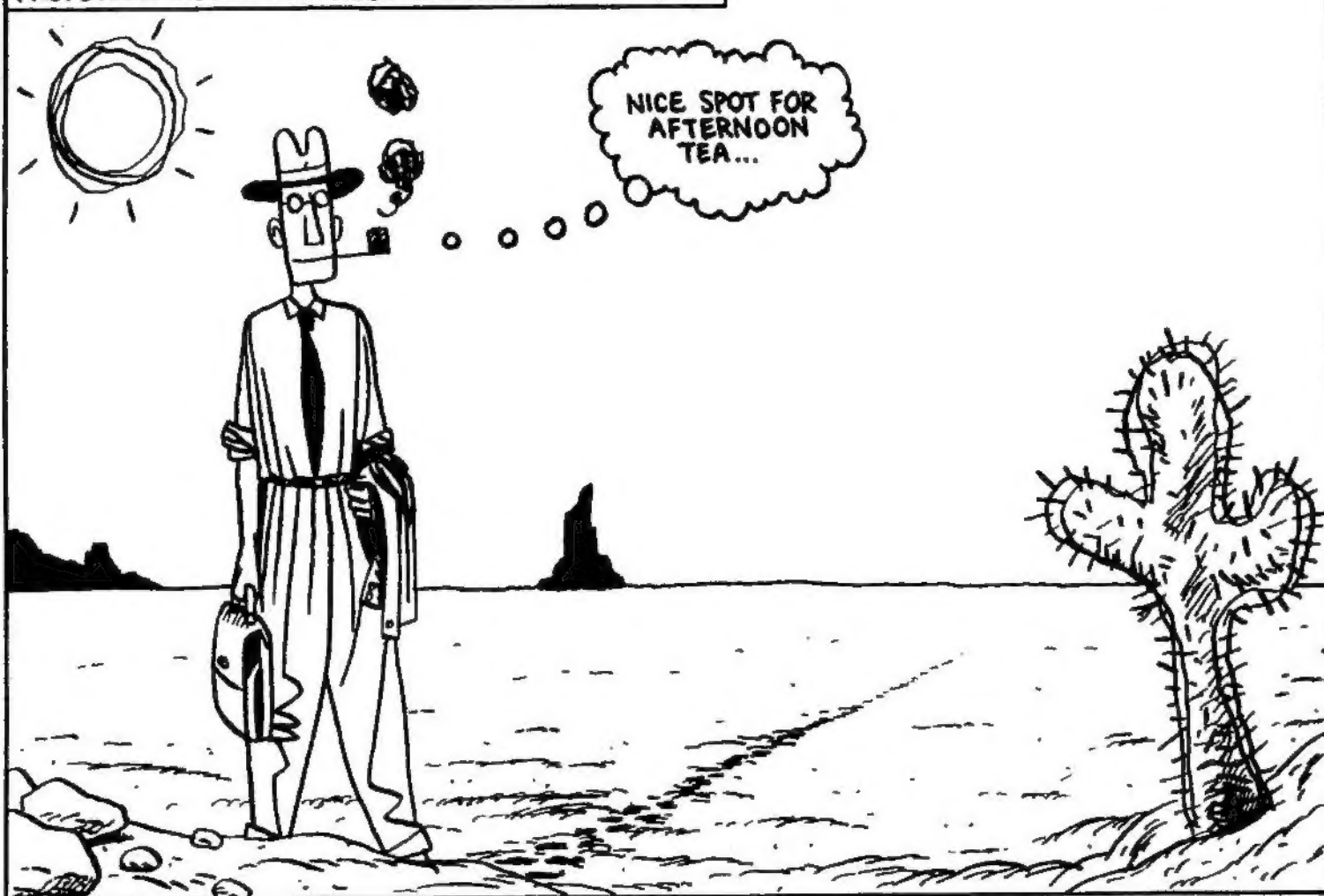
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE, SAM?

ATTAIN PERFECTION. FIND A FLAT. BUY SOME CHOCOLATE. FALL IN LOVE. PAINT A MASTERPIECE. GO TO THE BEACH. WRITE A NOVEL. FIX MY CAR...

MORE COFFEE, ANYONE?



PROFESSOR WESTWOOD-REES SURVEYS THE SCENE...



Beata.

This is Beata.
She is my guardian angel, the voice of my
ancestors, my spirit-guide, karma, kismet,
conscience incarnate.
She tells me to pay more attention to
being whole.



She tells me I eat the wrong food.
I don't get any exercise. I neglect my
work.



She tells me to stay out of strong winds,
stop listening to Arvo Pärt, and
cheer up.



This is Lucy.
She always visits when the sun is
shining.
Or vice versa.



AUGUSTUS E.

The first letter came one miserable Saturday, when I was too tired from the week's work to do anything but brood...



-dylan horrocks. London. 10/91

Life in general was fairly confused, and I faced a number of unpleasant decisions.



Home called, but I was hesitating.

Into all this came the letter.

Sender's Address:
Augustus E.
Hicksville, N.Z.

?

to: D Horrocks
12 Bramshaw Rd
Hackney E9 5BD
England

HICKSVILLE?
AUGUSTUS E.?

RIP!

Dear D. -

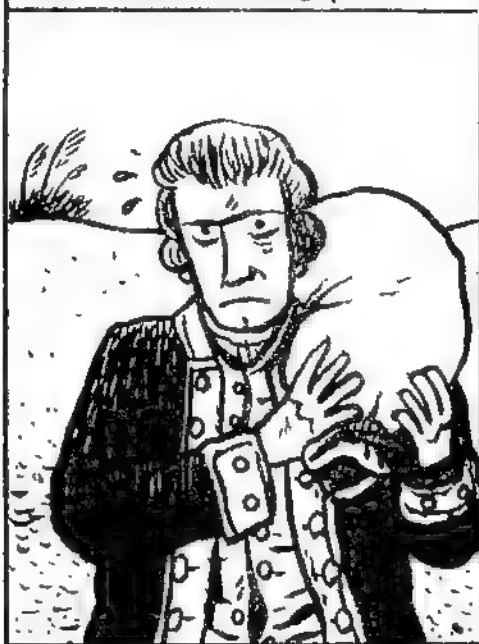
How marvellous to be in touch again. I have often thought of you and hoped to revive our communications. I trust your work proceeds well. I have enclosed my own latest piece: a work-in-progress... Just a little thing of little import, but I hope it affords you a moment's pleasure.

Ever yours,
Augustus E.

Perplexed, I unfolded the enclosed art-work...



The Captain sighed, and once more lifted his heavy pack.



Still a day's walk to the meeting.



The sand was warm, so he went barefoot.

At noon the Captain met a scout, who-grinning-chided him for taking so long.



The Captain was in no mood for such jests and made his feelings plain.

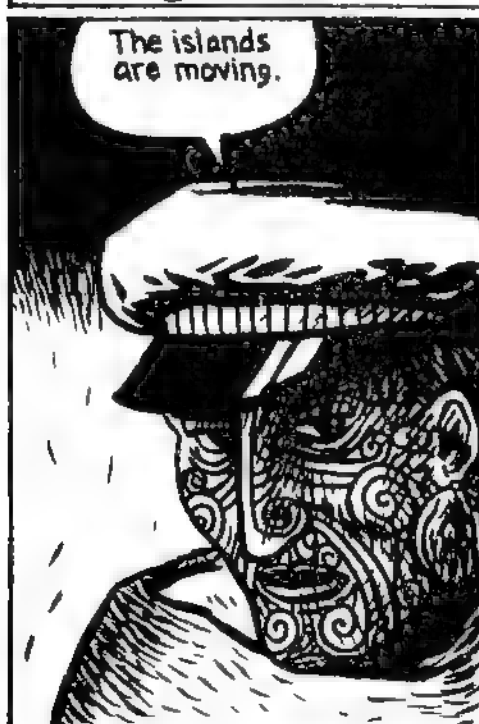


At last, the appointed place.



Hone Heke was there already.

The islands are moving.



What say you, man? Moving?!

They are riding the sea like a ship, Captain... drifting.



The sun dropped lower, and the waves crept away, leaving the sand bare.

Who the hell was Augustus E., I wondered, and why had he sent his strip to me—a complete stranger?



My confusion gradually faded as the day wore on, a succession of pots of tea and stalled projects.



Another week passed, and work, exhaustion and despair submerged all else, except the ever-present dilemma...



And then:



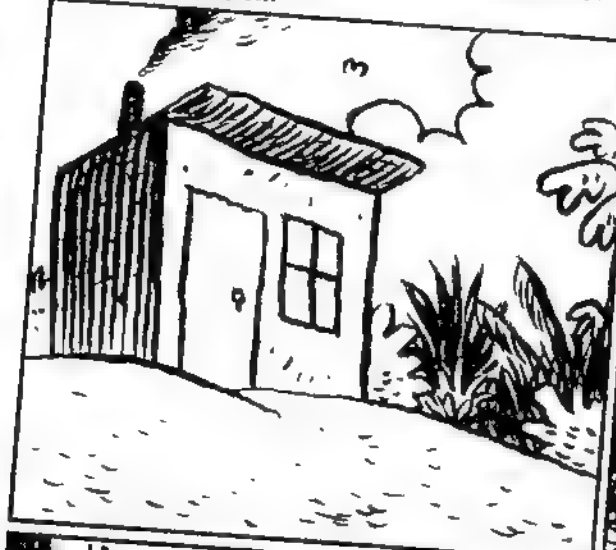
Dear D. —

Here is the latest instalment. It is so much easier to draw in this clear light, with the calm of the beach nearby.

I hope to see your own work soon.

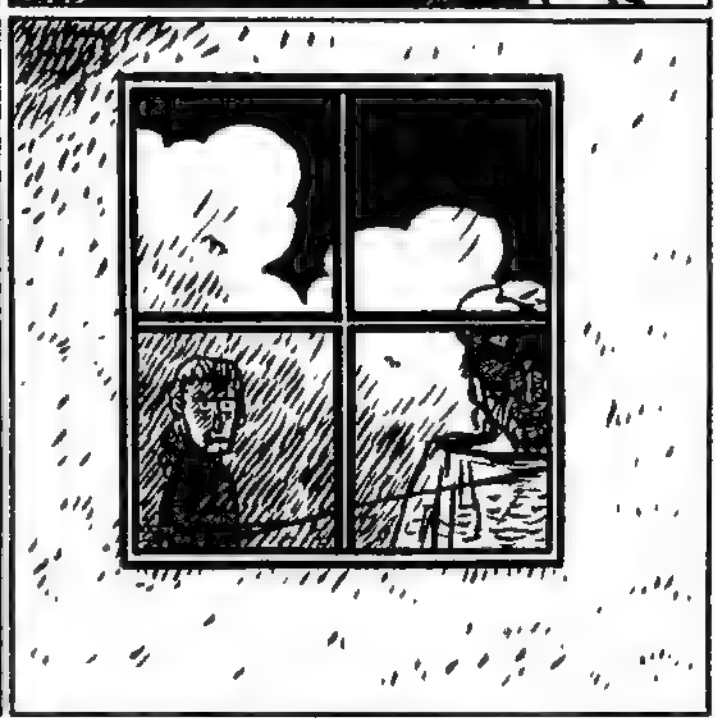
Affectionately yours,
Augustus E.

The Captain and HoneHeke returned to the old bach...



There they studied the Captain's collection of maps and sea-charts, trying to determine their current location.



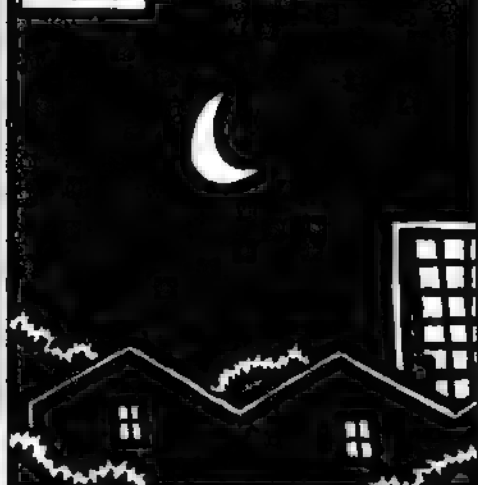


That night, I dreamt I was Superman.



I flew back home, across the thousands of miles of ocean.

But home wasn't where I expected; the islands had drifted some way to the South.



When I landed, I looked for the people responsible.

It had grown much colder, having drifted closer to the Antarctic.

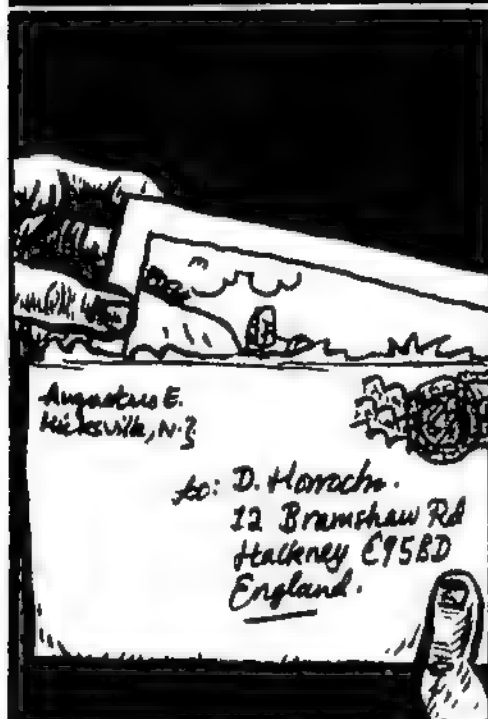
Eventually I found the people apparently in charge, but by now they had frozen solid.



I used my super-breath to warm them, and the ice fell away and ran into puddles.

As they stood shivering and confused, I tried to reprimand them for letting things get into such a state, but they couldn't understand what I was saying.

In my dream I wept for days.



Real Death Theatre

• PRESENTS •

MOXIE AND TOXIE!

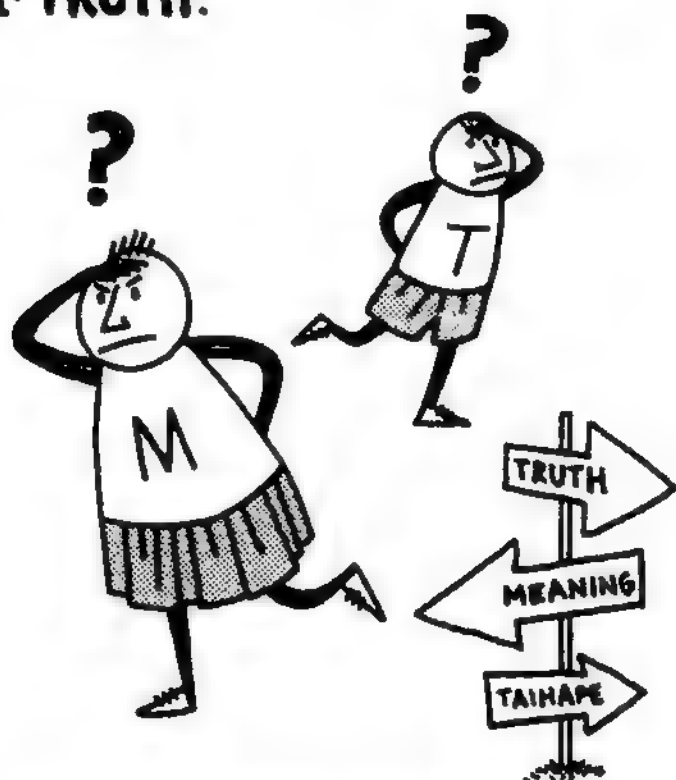
in:

'Being & Nothingness'

A BRIEF FORAY INTO THE MYSTERIES OF CONSCIOUSNESS, BROUGHT TO YOU BY AN IGNORANT SINNER, DYLAN HORROCKS!

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING NOTHING, IN TWO PARTS (ILLUSTRATED BELOW) :

1: TRUTH.



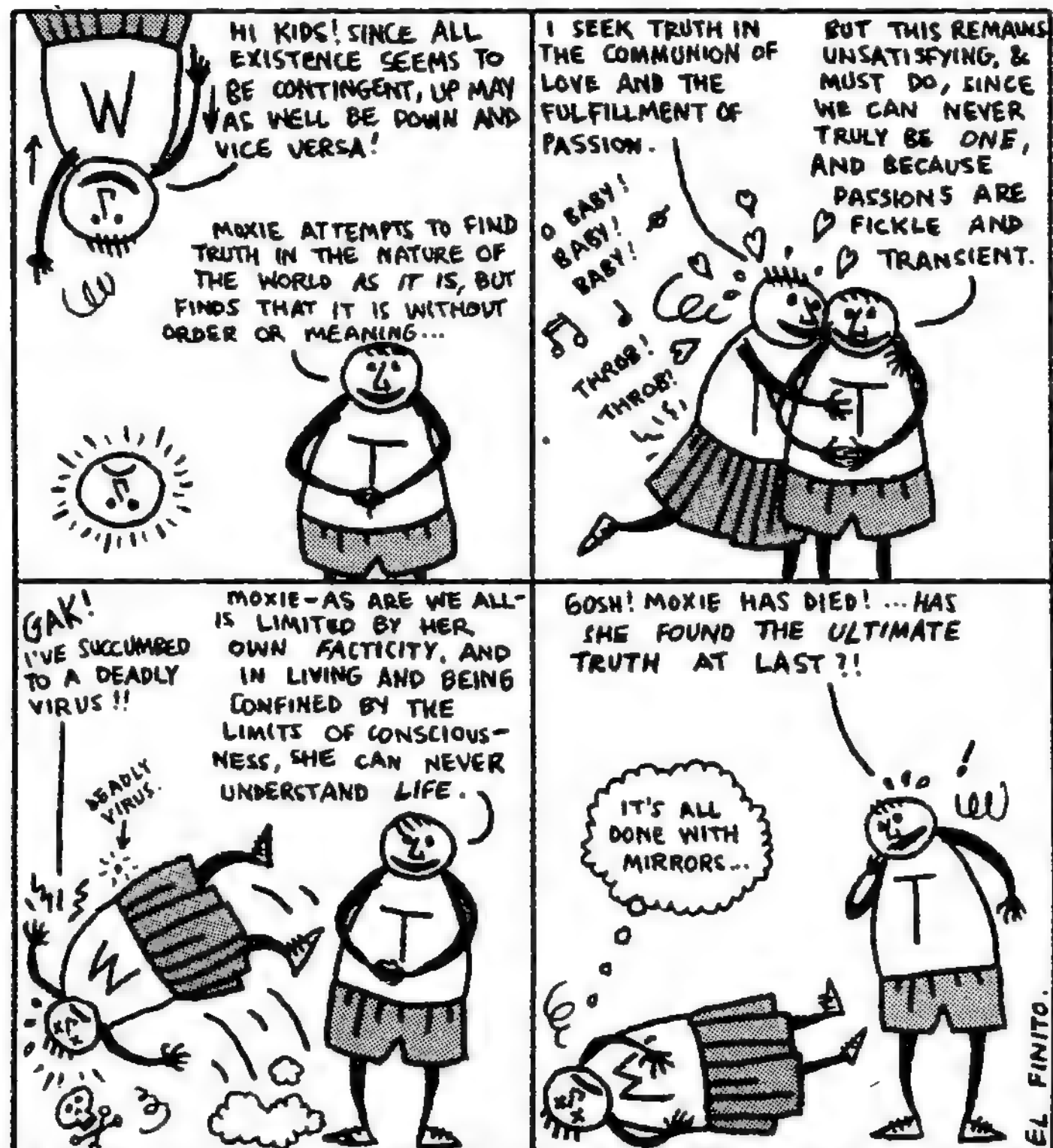
2: MORTALITY.



REAL DEATH THEATRE PRESENTS IN MOXIE AND TOXIE SEEK THE TRUTH!

AN EXISTENTIAL INVESTIGATION BROUGHT TO YOU

by: dylan.

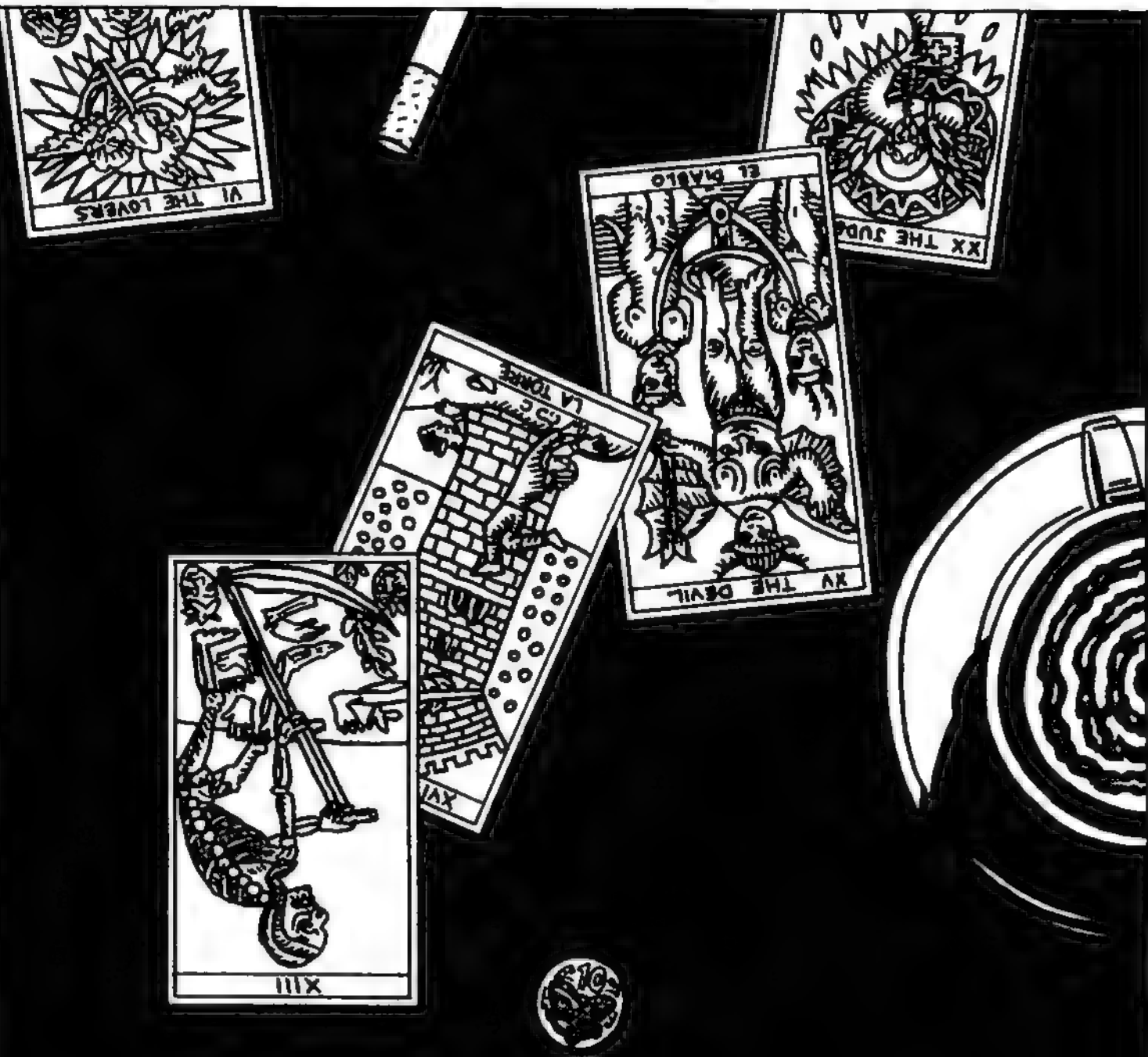


IS THAT ALL THERE IS, MY FRIEND? ...THEN LET'S KEEP DANCING... 

REAL DEATH THEATRE HUMBLYPRESENTS: MOXIE AND TOXIE CONFRONT MORTALITY! A BRIEF EPISTLE PENNED FOR YOU BY A DOOMED

-dylan-





Café Underground.

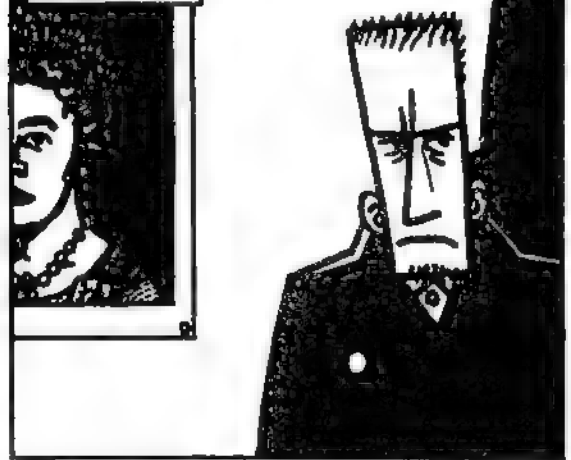
Chapter One:

Signs





I STOOD AND WATCHED,
FEELING CROWDED AND
UNEASY.



THERE WAS A PARTY AT
BUCKINGHAM PALACE THAT
FATEFUL NIGHT IN FEBRUARY.

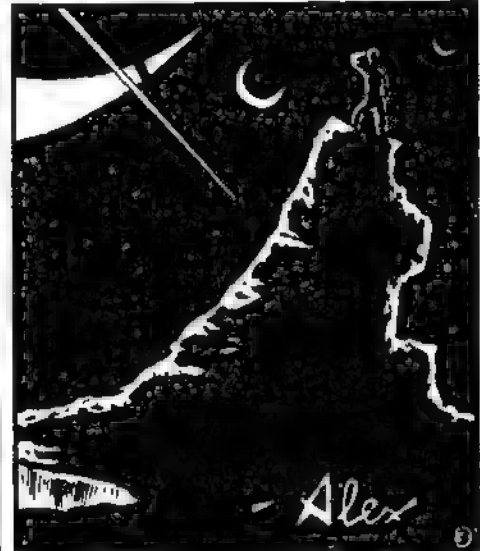
BUCKINGHAM PALACE IS WHERE THIS STORY
BEGINS AND ENDS. IT WAS A LARGE OLD
HOUSE, AND IN IT FLATTED:



THIS IS ALEX WITH HIS
GIRLFRIEND ELIZABETH.

ALEX IS A CARTOONIST,
LIVING IN ENGLAND NOW.

(YOU MAY HAVE READ
HIS *TRISTAN AND ISOLDE*,
OR *THE RINGS OF SATURN*).



BUT BACK THEN, ALEX HAD JUST FINISHED A B.A. IN HISTORY AND WAS DOING STRIPS FOR LOCAL MAGAZINES.

AND BEING IN LOVE WITH ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH THE NURSE. STRONG, KIND, AND BEAUTIFUL...

ALEX AND ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH AND ALEX.

PATIENCE, WISDOM, LOVE.

I WATCHED PATRICE SLOWLY GETTING DRUNK. EVEN HALF-CUT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. HOW I ADORED HER.

GUTLESS WONDER.

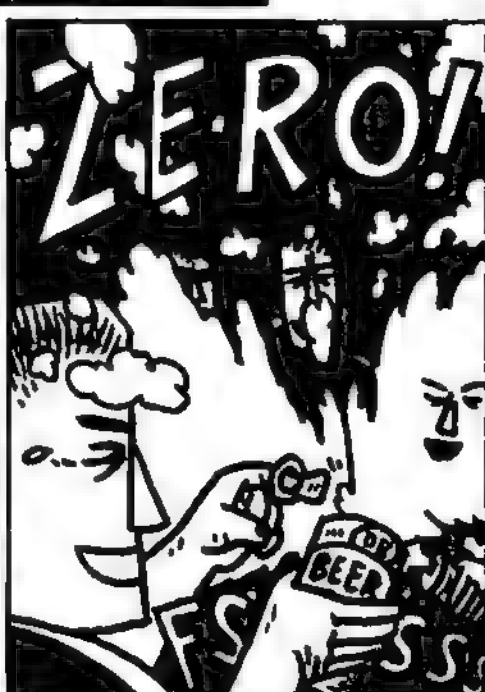
ABE! HAVE SOME OF THIS!

SWIG!

PHEW! HOW CAN YOU DRINK THIS STRAIGHT?

I'M NOT STRAIGHT.

FLASH!



... THE CAFE UNDERGROUND.

WET BLACK STREETS

A FLICKERING NEON...

(IN HERE,
DOWNSTAIRS)

THE RUSHING
HISS OF STEAM

COFFEE

CLONG!
PINBALL
CLANGING

JUKEBOX
BLASTING

AND MORE
FLICKERING
NEONS...

★ COFFEE

Eats

"Hit"

FREE TEA

PAUL, THE OWNER, HAD A BIT OF A THING ABOUT NEONS...



A black and white graphic featuring the text "EAT WELL LIVE WELL DIE WELL" in a bold, stylized, jagged font. The text is arranged in three lines, with "EAT WELL" on the top line, "LIVE WELL" in the middle, and "DIE WELL" on the bottom. The letters have a rough, hand-drawn appearance with irregular edges. The background is dark, and the text is white, creating a high-contrast effect.

GOOD QUESTION. I DOUBT IT.

ORDERS?

MEN

- BURGER
- Roanberg
- Marabou
- Langebe
- Sigs on

Garth's &
John's
DAFFLE

- Apple, Coke
- Apple Pie
- Coffee
- Hot Chocolate

GOOD QUESTION. I DOUBT IT.

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John's
DAFFLE

- Apple, Coke
- Apple Pie
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- Hot Chocolate

HOT CHOCOLATES ALL ROUND.

DOES THE MARXBURGER HAVE MEAT IN IT?

OF COURSE! IT'S A MARX-BURGER!

HOT CHOCOLATES ALL ROUND.

DOES THE MARXBURGER HAVE MEAT IN IT?

OF COURSE! IT'S A MARX-BURGER!

HOT CHOCOLATES ALL ROUND.

DOES THE MARXBURGER HAVE MEAT IN IT?

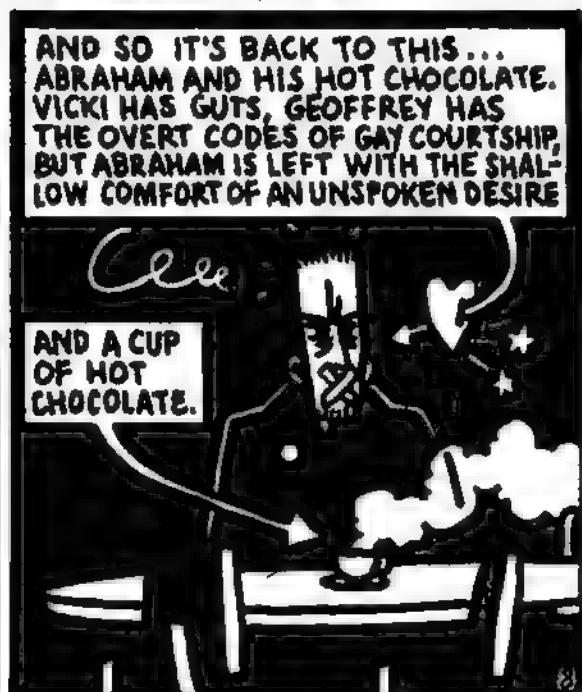
OF COURSE! IT'S A MARX-BURGER!

THEN REMOVE IT.
I'LL HAVE A
COFFEE, TOO.

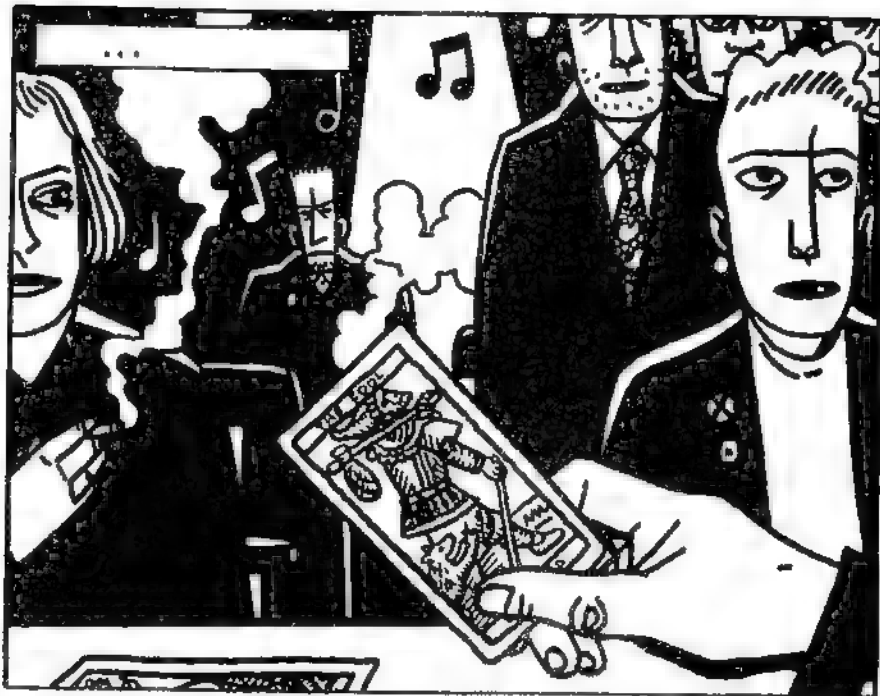
Caf

A black and white cartoon illustration featuring four characters. In the foreground, a man with a large nose and a striped shirt looks slightly to the right, with a speech bubble saying "SHE'S CULTIVATING ANEMIA." Behind him, a woman with short dark hair looks forward, with a speech bubble saying "I DIDN'T KNOW VICKI WAS A VEGGIE." To the left, a man with a flat-top haircut looks towards the center. To the right, a man with glasses and a mustache looks towards the center. The background is dark with some vertical lines suggesting an interior setting.

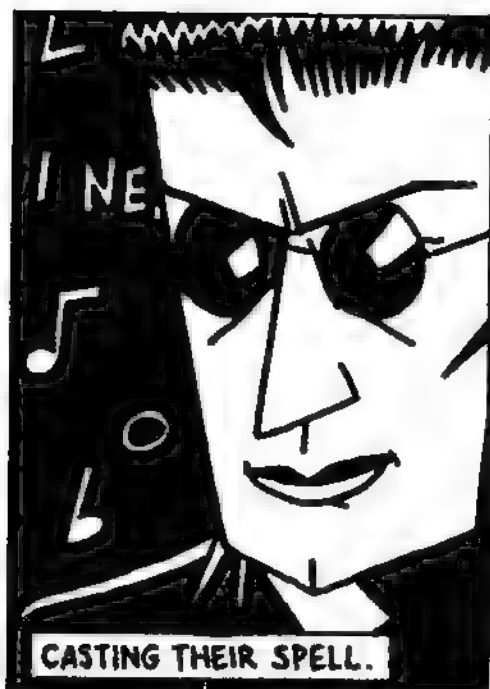
A black and white cartoon illustration featuring four characters. In the foreground, a man with a large nose and a striped shirt looks slightly to the right, with a speech bubble saying "SHE'S CULTIVATING ANEMIA." Behind him, a woman with short dark hair looks forward, with a speech bubble saying "I DIDN'T KNOW VICKI WAS A VEGGIE." To the left, a man with a flat-top haircut looks towards the center. To the right, a man with glasses and a mustache looks towards the center. The background is dark with some vertical lines suggesting an interior setting.











WHEN SOMETHING COMES TO A CLOSE, WHEN SOMETHING SLOWLY DIES, IT DOES SO SURROUNDED BY SIGNS. PARTS OF IT SICKEN AND PARTS DIE, AND EACH ONE SIGNALS THE SYMPTOMS AND THE END SO PLAINLY TO THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO SEE. (ELIZABETH HAD DESCRIBED THAT IN PATIENTS SHE HAD WATCHED DIE). AND WHEN AT LAST IT'S FINISHED, IT LEAVES A TRAIL OF IMAGES JUST AS A SHIPWRECK LEAVES DEBRIS. THESE ARE WHAT I HAVE COLLECTED. THIS BOOK IS THE WRECKAGE WASHED UP OR FISHED FROM THE COLD SEA.



AS WE LEFT, WITHOUT PATRICE,
I PAUSED AT THE MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER'S TABLE.

HE HAD LEFT BEHIND
HIS TAROT, HALF-
PLAYED OUT, HALF-
UNDRAWN.

I HAD TO SEE WHAT HE'D KEPT HIDDEN...

WON'T STOP MY HEART



HE'D ARRIVED.

UNWRITTEN STORIES.

SADNESS IS BECOMING SO COMMON IT APPALS ME.



IT MAY JUST BE THE DARK INCESSANT RAIN AND THE VIOLENT COLD WIND, BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

THE FACES OF MY FRIENDS SLACKEN WITH THE PASSING OF TIME. THEIR GESTURES ARE LIMP AND DISMISSIVE...



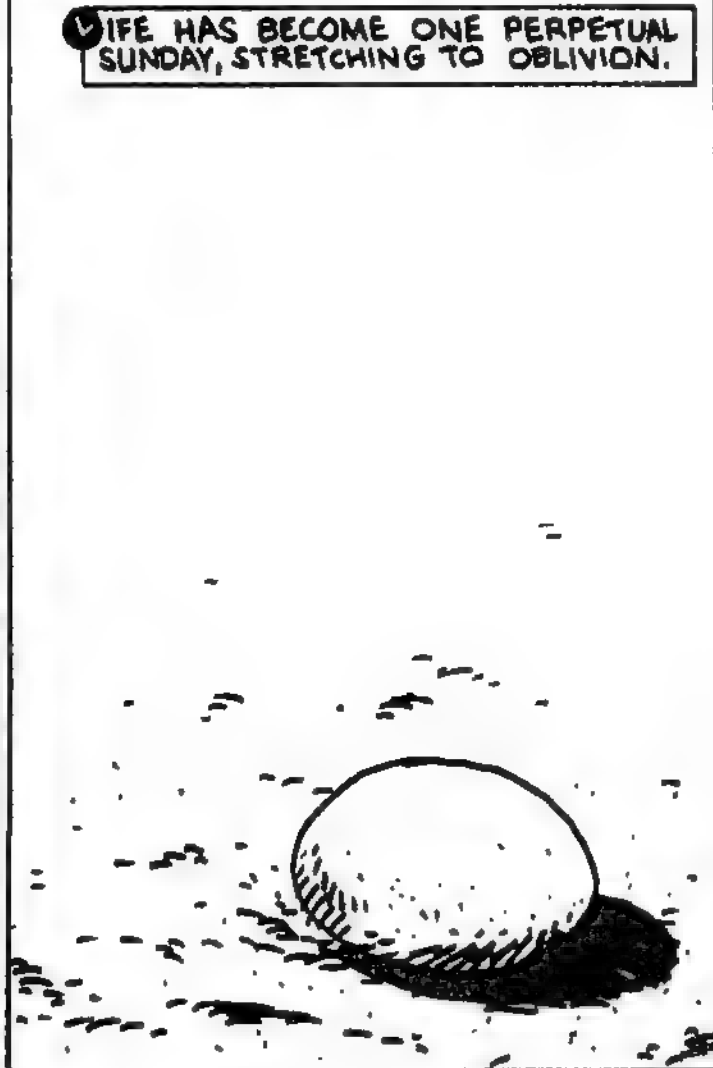
THE MUSIC BEING PLAYED IS SLOW SONGS WITH TRAGIC THEMES...

MANY HAVE FLED TO OTHER COUNTRIES...



AND BLEAK AND LONELY POSTCARDS ARRIVE, WITH SPRING DAFFODILS ON ONE SIDE.

LIFE HAS BECOME ONE PERPETUAL SUNDAY, STRETCHING TO OBLIVION.



NOVELS END.

RADIOS BREAK.

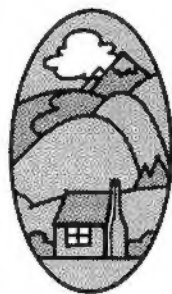
CARS HAVE ICE ON
THEIR WINDSHIELDS.

SHOPS SELL
OUT...

UNIVERSITIES
CLOSE.

FLATS BECOME DUSTY
AND COLD...





Dear Mrs. Hicks...

Write to: Dolan Hicks (mrs.), Pickle, P.O. Box 5512, Wellesley St., Auckland 1, New Zealand or c/o Tragedy Strikes Press, 30 Wyndham St. N., Guelph, Ontario, Canada N1H 4E5

Well chickens, as this is the first issue of Pickle, we haven't really had any letters yet, except for a lovely one from that nice fellow Eddie Campbell in Australia, who said:

*"Dylan just phoned to tell me he's at last got a comic book coming out stateside which is about time too. It seems almost every time I meet some guy from New Zealand I get another bit of the jigsaw puzzle that is Kupe/Horrocks. Indeed, it was a long time before I became certain whether they are one people, or two. So I've been adding to my photocopy file on the laddie with bits from **Razor**" [a comic published in Auckland by Cornelius Stone] "Which comes before **Fox**" [a sadly defunct comic from Australia], "and finally caught up with the artist himself in London last march where he gave me all his **Pickles**, which filled in the picture between **Fox** and now. Thing is, though, before I knew the half of it I'd already worked with him on a story, and it should be well known that I am very selective with whom I work -- there are too few artists that I consider to be on the right wavelength, but I had this spare story called "Missing Persons" which I didn't have time to draw, so I mailed Horrocks, with whom at that point I had never communicated, the story, figuring I'd put it in **The Dead Muse**, my book from Fantagraphics, but it turned out so well I had this idea to build a whole Bacchus series upon it and asked Dylan to do another one for **Dead Muse**, which turned out to be "Incomplete Works", the best piece in the book. Anyway, for "Missing Person" by me and Horrocks check out **The 1001 Nights of Bacchus**, a 48 page book from Dark Horse next year and this Canadian stuff can fill in the picture between then and now, and afterwards, too, because when it comes to Horrocks, one doesn't like to miss any."*

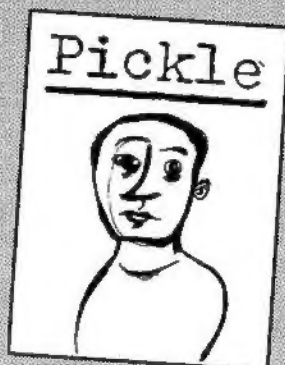
What a lovely thing to say! Of course, Kupe and Dylan **are** separate people, and here is a picture of Kupe, so you know what he looks like.



Thanks to: David Billingham, Richard Bird, David Brasting, Brad! Brooks, Eddie Campbell, Matthew Chappory, Nick Craine, Malcolm Dale, Julian Dashper, Julie Doucet, Terry Fleming, Paul Gravett, Roger Horrocks, Shirley Horrocks, Simone Horrocks, Sylvie Joly, Roger Langridge, Paul MacQuibban, John Mitchinson, Stella Horrocks-Mitchinson, Ed Pinsent, Eleanor Rimoldi, Cornelius Stone, Shelley Turner, and Michel Vrána.

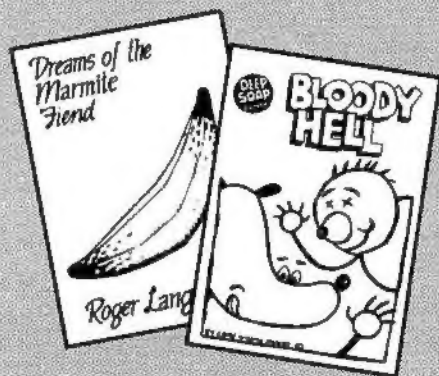
Now, since we haven't got any other letters, I thought we could turn this page over to some competitions! I've always thought it's nice for the readers to have something to do!

Dolan Hicks



1. Get Sam working again!

If you read "Incomplete Works" in this issue, you will see that poor old Sam is always in need of new, marketable projects to work on. Send him a brief idea for a strip he can sell for a fortune to some huge comics publisher, in no more than 60 words. The winning entry will receive a rare copy of Dylan's 102-page mini-comic, **The Last Fox Story**.



2. What do you know about New Zealand?

Write and tell us three things you know about New Zealand. Whoever sends the most interesting snippets will win a package of New Zealand mini-comics by Dylan, Roger Landridge, Terry Rota, Craig Wilson, etc. (If you don't know three things about New Zealand, just make something up!)

★ Send your entries to the above address by February 1, 1993!

A Tragic Postscript

"We make comics like Ford makes cars."

Well hey, cats! This is it, our little puppet-show version of Stan Lee's *Soap Box*, Dark Horse's *Flogging a Dead Horse*: It's *A Tragic Postscript* and I've been volunteered to write the first one. In this corner we'll keep you informed about what's what with what.

ITEM: This month is December Month kids. That's right, a whole thirty days of the month of December. That means the new *SIN* is out!

This issue features: "News for bugs!" with this little on-location ant, complete with mike and headset, who reports on the current events in the Land of Nod. Such as: The Martian Invasion, the true identity of the so-called Devil-martian, Merv and Val "doing it" in the dark, and more.

As well, Merv and Dave battle The Publisher to free the Sinister Horde from the evil forces of The Contract. Badman and Superb Woman are presented with a gift from Mattman and Kathrynirl. And that's not all.

Jason Stephens continues to thrill audiences everywhere with his potent and de-mmented stories; his characters break their own taboos. **WARNING:** In several case studies *SIN* has proven to be psychologically addictive. Kristine Anstine of Comic Relief in California says: "It cured my hang-over."

2nd ITEM: Our newest title comes all the way from Hicksville, New Zealand: it's *Pickle* by Dylan Horrocks. *Pickle* is something that Dylan has been working on for years now. At 20-something he's a young veteran of self-publishing and sure to be considered on of the finest 'new' talents of 1993. You may have seen his work in the Australian anthology, *Fox Comics*, Eddie Campbell's *Dead Muse*, and most recently in *Reactor Girl* with Tisco George, the frustrated cartoonist.

Dylan has structured *Pickle* as a solo-creator anthology. Several self-contained short stories are followed by the first chapter of a 120-page story called *Café Underground*. The passing of Halley's Comet provides a wonderful blue-black backdrop to the story of a circle of young friends and lovers whose lives are disrupted by the sudden arrival of a decidedly European stranger. Dylan's stories are captivating and it's easy to fall in love with his characters. His work has been compared to that of The Pleece Brothers and Los Bros. Hernandez. But hey, comparisons can be futile.



"When it comes to Horrocks, one doesn't like to miss any."
EDDIE CAMPBELL

NOTE: Dylan is a man who knows good tea and chocolate.

COMING UP: Look for *Reactor Girl* #6 in February with a wrap-around cover by Laurent Cilluffo (France). Other contributors include Adrian Tomine, Gary Dumm, Joe Zabel, Jason Stephens and many more...

Finally, here's an open request to anyone living in Berkeley: Can anyone tell me what the deal is with that naked guy?

Love,
Nick Craine

Nick Craine



NOTES OF INTEREST

The acclaimed *Misfit Lit Contemporary Art Exposition* is coming to town:

Who'd a thunk it, All the way from Seattle, Gary Groth's baby will be opening at Guelph's own MacDonald-Stewart Art Centre January 21st.

Comics Journal staffer Larry Reid, Chester Brown, Charles Burns and Joe Matt, will all be in attendance. Tragedy Strikers Nick Craine, Jason Stephens and Michel Vrána will be there too, schmoozing at the show, and putting in their two-cents worth at the panel discussion. Rumour has it that even Dave Sim might make an appearance.

January 16th: A show of paintings by comix artist Carol Moiseiwitsch will also be opening at the MacDonald Stewart. Carol will be present for the opening

Go and see Hal Hartley's new film. It's called *Simple Men* and it's very great.

Congratulations to David Cronenberg whose film interpretation of William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* swept the Genie Awards winning Best Picture and Best Director among a slew of others.

PAPER CUTS for free!

Paper Cuts is an informative little do that will give you mail-order deals and the low-down on what's going on vis-a-vis the Tragedy Stricken. It's free! Just write us and say "I want Paper Cuts." If you're feeling generous send stamps (or IRC's outside Canada) too.

Retailers: If you'd like to talk about artist appearances, or whatever's on your mind, don't be shy.
(519) 763-2753 or fax (519) 763-2771



Lat

EATS
EVT2
EALS



Café



STRIKE

